Their ſeuerall counſailes they vnbooſome ſhall,
To Loues miſtooke, and ſo be mockt withall,
Vpon the next occaſion that we meete,
With Viſages diſplayde to talke and greete.
Ros. But ſhall we dance, if they deſire vs toot?
Quee. No, to the death we will not moue a foot,
Nor to their pend ſpeach render we no grace:
But while tis ſpoke each turne away his face.
Boy. Why that contempt will kill the ſpeakers hart,
And quite diuorce his memorie from his part.
Quee. Therefore I do it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking entended game,
And they wel mockt depart away with ſhame. *Sound Trom.*
Boy. The Trompet ſoundes, be maſkt, the maſkers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke, the Boy with a ſpeach, and the reſt of the Lordes diſguyſed.

Page. *All haile, the richeſt Beauties on the earth.*
Berow. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Page. *A holy parcell of the fayreſt dames that euer turnd their backes to mortal viewes.*
The Ladyes turne their backes to him.
Berow. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. *That euen turnde their eyes to mortall viewes.*
Out
Boy. True, out in deede.
Pag. *Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirites vouchſafe*
Not to beholde.
Berow. Once to beholde, rogue.
Page. *Once to beholde with your Sunne beamed eyes,*
With your Sunne beamed eyes.
Boyet. They will not anſwere to that Epythat,
You were beſt call it Daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They do not marke me, and that bringes me out.
Ber. Is this your perfectnes? begon you rogue.

Roſa.